
THE
ENGLISHMAN

Returned from *PARIS*.

A F A R C E,
I N T W O A C T S.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

ENGLISHMAN

RETURNED FROM PARIS
THE

Being the

ENGLISHMAN

RETURNED FROM PARIS



A. T. A. C. E.

BY MR. W. G. A. C. T.

Illustrated by

W. G. A. C. T.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

THE THIRD EDITION

LONDON

Printed for T. Lowndes, No. 17, St. Paul's Church-yard

MDCCLXXX

THE
ENGLISHMAN

RETURNED FROM PARIS,

Being the SEQUEL to

The ENGLISHMAN *in* PARIS.

A F A R C E,

IN TWO ACTS.

As it is performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL in *Drury-Lane* and *Covent-
Garden*.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. LOWNDES, No. 77, in Fleet-Street.

M, DCC, LXXX.



PROLOGUE

THE

BY M. T. COTTE





P R O L O G U E,

S P O K E N

By Mr. F O O T E.

*OF all the Passions that possess Mankind,
The Love of Novelty rules most the Mind,
In Search of this, from Realm to Realm we roam,
Our Fleets come fraught with every Folly home.
From Lybia's Desarts hostile Brutes advance,
And dancing Dogs in Drovers skip here from France,
From Latian Lands Gigantic Forms appear,
Striking our British Breasts with Awe and Fear,
As once the Lilliputians——Gulliver,
Not only Objects that affect the Sight,
In foreign Arts and Artists we delight,
Near to that Spot where Charles bestrides a Horse,
In humble Prose the Place is Charing Cross;
Close by the Margin of a Kennel's Side,
A dirty dismal Entry opens wide,
There, with hoarse Voice, check'd Shirt and callous Hand,
Duff's Indian English Trader takes his Stand,
Surveys each Passenger with curious Eyes,
And rustic Roger falls an easy Prize,
Here's China Porcelaine that Chelsea yields,
And India Handkerchiefs from Spitalfields.*

}

With

*With Turkey Carpets that from Wilton came,
 And Spanish Tucks and Blades from Bermingham.
 Factors are forc'd to favour this Deceit,
 And English Goods are smuggled through the Street.]
 The rude to polish, and the Fair to please,
 The Hero of to Night has cross'd the Seas,
 Tho' to be born a Briton be his Crime,
 He's manufactur'd in another Clime.
 'Tis Buck begs leave once more to come before ye,
 The little Subject of a former Story,
 How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether Brute or Beau,
 We trust the following Scenes will fully shew.
 For them and him we your Indulgence crave,
 'Tis ours still to sin and yours to save.*



E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by MRS. BELLAMY.

*AMONG the Arts to make a Piece go down,
And fix the fickle Favour of the Town,
An Epilogue is deem'd the surest Way
To atone for all the Errors of the Play:
Thus, when pathetic Strains have made you cry,
In trips the Comic Muse, and wipes your Eye.
With equal Reason, when she has made you laugh,
Melpomene should send you sniveling off:
But our Bard, unequal to the Task,
Rejects the Dagger, and retains the Masque:
Fain would he send you chearful home To-night,
And harmless Mirth by honest Means excite;
Scorning with luscious Phrase or double Sense,
To raise a Laughter at the Fair's Expence.
What Method shall we choose your Taste to hit?
Will no one lend our Bard a little Wit?
Thank ye kind Souls, I'll take it from the Pit.
The Piece concluded, and the Curtain down,
Up starts that fatal Phalanx, call'd The Town:
In full Assembly weigh our Author's Fate,
And Surly thus commences the Debate:
Pray, among Friends, does not this poisoning Scene
The sacred Rights of Tragedy profane?
If Farce may mimic thus her awful Bowt:
Oh fie, all wrong, stark naught, upon my Soul!*

}
Then

Then Buck cries, Billy, can it be in Nature?

Not the least Likeness in a single Feature.

My Lord, Lord love him, 'tis a precious Piece;

Let's come on Friday Night and have a Hiss,

To this a Peruquier assents with Joy,

Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.

In such Distress what can the Poet do?

Where seek for Shelter when these Foes pursue?

He dares demand Protection, Sirs, from you.

Dramatis Personæ.

At COVENT-GARDEN.

BUCK

Mr. Foote.

CRAB

Mr. Sparks.

LORD JOHN

Mr. White.

MACRUTHEN

Mr. Skuter.

RACKET

Mr. Cushin.

TALLYHOE

Mr. Costollo.

LATITAT

Mr. Dunstall.

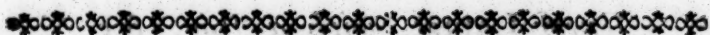
SURGEON

Mr. Wignel.

LUCINDA

Mrs. Bellamy.

La Jonquil, Le Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.



A C T I.

C R A B discovered reading.



N D I do constitute my very good Friend, Giles Crab, Esq; of St. Martin's in the Fields, Executor to this my Will; and do appoint him Guardian to my Ward Lucinda; and do submit to his Direction, the Management of all my Affairs, till the Return of my Son from his Travels; whom I do intreat my said Executor in Consideration of our ancient Friendship, to advise, to counsel, &c. &c.

— JOHN BUCK.

A good, pretty Legacy! Let's see; I find myself Heir, by this generous Devise of my very good Friend, to ten Actions at Common Law, nine Suits in Chancery, the Conduct of a Boy, bred a Booby at Home, and finished a Fop abroad; together with the Direction of a marriageable, and, therefore, an unmanageable Wench; and all this to an old Fellow of Sixty six, who heartily hates Bus'ness, is tired of the World, and despises every Thing in it. Why how the Devil came I to merit——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Latitat of Staple's Inn.

Crab. So, here begin my Plagues. Shew the Hound in.

B

Enter

Enter Latitat, with a Bag, &c.

Lat. I wou'd, Mr. *Crab*, have attended your Summons immediately, but I was obliged to sign Judgment in Error at the Common Pleas; sue out of the Exchequer a Writ of *Que minus*, and surrender in *Banco Regis* the Defendant, before the Return of the *Sci fa*, to discharge the Bail.

Crab. Pr'ythee, Man, none of thy unintelligible Law Jargon to me; but tell me, in the Language of common Sense, and thy Country, what I am to do.

Lat. Why, Mr. *Crab*, as you are already possess'd of a *Probat*, and Letters of Administration *de Bonis*, are granted, you may sue, or, be sued; I hold it sound Doctrine for no Executor to discharge Debts, without a Receipt upon Record: This can be obtained by no Means, but by an Action. Now Actions, Sir, are of various Kinds: There are special Actions, Actions on the Case, or *Assumpsit's*; Actions of Trover, Actions of *Clausum fregit*, Actions of Battery, Actions of——

Crab. Hey, the Devil, where's the Fellow running now?—But hark'ee, *Latitat*, why I thought all our Law Proceedings were directed to be in *English*.

Lat. True, Mr. *Crab*.

Crab. And what do you call all this Stuff, ha!

Lat. *English*.

Crab. The Devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my Honour, Mr. *Crab*.

Crab. For, as Lord *Coke* describes the Common Law, to be the Perfection—

Crab. So, here's a fresh Deluge of Impertinence. A Truce to thy Authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impossible to understand thee without an Interpreter, if you will meet me at Five, at Mr. *Brief's* Chambers, why, if you have any thing to say, he will translate it for me.

Lat. Mr. *Brief*, Sir, and translate, Sir!—Sir I would have you to know that no Practitioner in *Westminster Hall*, gives clearer—

Crab. Sir, I believe it; for which Reason I have referred you to a Man who never goes into *Westminster Hall*.

Lat. A bad Proof of his Practice, Mr. *Crab*.

Crab. A good one of his Principles, M. *Latitat*.

Lat. Why, Sir, do you think that a Lawyer—

Crab. Zounds, Sir, I never thought about a Lawyer. The Law is an oracular Idol, you are the explanatory Ministers; nor shou'd any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beastly *Baal*. I had rather lose a Cause, than contest it. And had not this old, doating Dunce, Sir *John Buck*, plagu'd me with the Management of his Money, and the Care of his Booby Boy, Bedlam shou'd sooner have had me, than the Bar.

Lat. Bedlam, the Bar! Since, Sir, I am provok'd, I don't know what your Choice may be, or what your Friends may choose for

you; I wish I was your *prochain Ami*: But I am under some Doubts as to the Sanity of the Testator, otherwise he could not have chosen for his Executor, under the Sanction of the Law, a Person who despises the Law. And the Law, give me Leave to tell you, Mr. Crab, is the Bulwark, the Fence, the Protection, the *sine qua non*, the *non plus ultra*——

Crab. Mercy, good Six and Eight-pence.

Lat. The Defence and Offence, the by which, and the whereby, the Statute common and customary, or as *Plowden* classically and elegantly expresses it, 'tis

*Mos commune vetus mores, Consulta Sonatus,
Hæc tria Jus statuunt Terra Britanna tibi.*

Crab. Zounds, Sir, among all your Laws, are there none to protect a Man in his own House?

Lat. Sir, a Man's House is his *Castellum*, his Castle; and so tender is the Law of any Infringement of that sacred Right, that any Attempt to invade it by Force, Fraud, or Violence, clandestinely, or *Vi & Armis*, is not only deem'd *felonius* but *burglarius*. Now, Sir, a Burglary may be committed, either upon the Dwelling, or the Out-house.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your Clerk, Sir——The Parties, he says, are all in waiting at your Chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but just explain to
Mr.

Mr. Crab, the Nature of a Burglary, as it has been describ'd by a late Statute.

Crab. Zounds, Sir, I have not the least Curiosity.

Lat. Sir, but every Gentleman shou'd know——

Crab. I won't know. Besides, your Clients——

Lat. O, they may stay. I sha'nt take up five Minutes, Sir,——A Burglary——

Crab. Not an Instant.

Lat. By the Common Law——

Crab. I'll not hear a Word.

Lat. It was but a *Claustrium fregit*.

Crab. Dear Sir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late Acts of Par——

Crab. Help, you Dog. Zounds, Sir, get out of my House.

Serv. Your Clients, Sir——

Crab. Push him out [*the Lawyer talking all the while*] So, ho! Hark'ee Rascal, if you suffer that Fellow to enter my Doors again, I'll strip and discard you the very Minute. [*Exit Serv.*] This is but the Beginning of my Torments. But that I expect the young Whelp from abroad, every Instant, I'd fly for it myself, and quit the Kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My young Master's travelling Tutor, Sir, just arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I suppose, the Blockhead of a Baronet is close at his Heels. Show him in. This Bear-leader, I reckon now, is ei-

ther the clumsy Curate of the Knight's Parish Church, or some needy Highlander, the Out-cast of his Country, who, with the Pride of a *German* Baron, the Poverty of a *French* Marquis, the Address of a *Swiss* Soldier, and the Learning of an Academy Usher, is to give our Heir apparent Politeness, Taste, Literature; a perfect Knowledge of the World, and of himself.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Maister Crab, I am your devoted Servant.

Crab. Oh, a *British* Child, by the Mefs.— Well, where's your Charge?

Mac. O, the young Baronet is o'the Road. I was mighty afraid he had o'er ta'en me; for between *Canterbury* and *Rochester*, I was stopt, and robb'd by a High-way-man.

Crab. Robb'd! what the Devil cou'd he rob you of?

Mac. In gude Troth, not a mighty Booty. *Buchanan's* History, *Lauder* against *Melton*, and two Pound of high-dry'd *Glasgow*.

Crab. A good travelling Equipage. Well, and what's become of your Cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir *Charles*? I left him at *Calais*, with another young Nobleman, returning from his Travels. But why caw ye him Cub, Maister Crab? In gude troth, there's a meeghty Alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a shrewd Guess at his Improvements.

Mac.

Mac. He's quite a Phœnomenon.

Crab. Oh, a Comet, I dare swear, but not an unusual one, at *Paris*. The Faux-bourg of *St. Germain's*, swarms with such, to the no small Amusement of our very good Friends, the *French*.

Mac. Oh, the *French* were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the Language, I suppose, he's a perfect Master of that.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite Maister of the Accent.

Crab. A most astonishing Progress!

Mac. Suspend your Judgment awhile, and you'll find him all you wish, allowing for the Sallies of Juvenility; and must take the Vanity to myself of being, in a great Measure, the Author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful Copy of the admirable Original, he must be a finish'd Piece.

Mac. You are pleased to Complement.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I suppose you, and your—what's your Name—?

Mac. *Macruthen*, at your Service.

Crab. *Macruthen*! Hum! You and your Pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young Gentleman is of an amiable Disposition.

Crab. Oh, ay: And it wou'd be wrong to sowre his Temper. You knew your Duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maister *Crab*.

Crab.

Crab. Oh, by no means Master *Macrutben*; all your Bus'ness was to keep him out of Frays; to take care, for the sake of his Health, that his Wine was genuine, and his Mistresses as they shou'd be. You pimp'd for him, I suppose?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront—

Crab. To suppose the contrary would be the Affront, Mr. Tutor. What, Man, you know the World. 'Tis not by Contradiction, but by Compliance, that Men make their Fortunes. and was it for you to thwart the Humour of a Lad upon the Threshold of ten thousand Pounds a Year?

Mac. Why, to be sure, great Allowances must be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I see, Maister *Crab*, you know Mankind. You are Sir *John Buck's* Executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little Thought that may be useful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Cou'd na we contrive to make a Hond o'the young Baronet.

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the Will, have the Care o'the Cash; and I caw make a Shift to manage the Lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And so between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that Inheritance which he knows not how properly
ly

ly to employ; and apply it to our own Use. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why what a superlative Rascal art thou, thou inhospitable Villain! Under the Roof, and in the Presence, of thy Benefactor's Representative, with almost his ill-bestowed Bread in thy Mouth, art thou plotting the Perdition of his only Child! And, from what Part of my Life, didst thou derive a Hope of my Compliance with such a hellish Scheme?

Mac. Maister *Crab*, I am of a Nation—

Crab. Of known Honour and Integrity; I allow it. The Kingdom you have quitted, in consigning the Care of its Monarch, for Ages, to your Predecessors, in Preference to its proper Subjects, has given you a brilliant Panegyric, that no other People can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be sure——

Crab. And one Happiness it is, that though national Glory can beam a Brightness on Particulars, the Crimes of Individuals can never reflect a Disgrace upon their Country. Thy Apology but aggravates thy Guilt.

Mac. Why, Maister *Crab*, I——

Crab. Guilt and Confusion choak thy Utterance. Avoid my Sight. Vanish. [*Exit Mac.*] A fine Fellow this, to protect the Person, inform the Inexperience, direct and moderate the Desires of an unbridled Boy! But can it be strange, whilst the Parent negligently accepts a superficial Recommendation to so important a Trust, that the Person
whose

whose Wants, perhaps, more than his Abilities make desirous of it, shou'd consider the Youth as a Kind of Property, and not study what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a Foundation for his future sordid Hopes, by a criminal Compliance with the Lad's present prevailing Passions? But Vice and Folly rule the World—Without, there. [*Enter Serv.*] Rascal, where d'you run, Block-head? Bid the Girl come hither.—Fresh Instances, every Moment, fortify my Abhorrence, my Detestation of Mankind. This Turn may be term'd Misanthropy; and imputed to Chagrin and Disappointment. But it can only be by those Fools, who, through Softness or Ignorance, regard the Faults of others, like their own, through the wrong End of the Perspective.

Enter Lucinda.

So, what, I suppose your Spirits are all a-float. You have heard your Fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your usual Discernment, Sir, you wou'd distinguish, in my Countenance, an Expression very different from that of Joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I suppose your Monkey has broke his Chain, or your Parrot dy'd in moulting.

Luc. A Person less censorious than Mr. Crab, might assign a more generous Motive for my Distress.

Crab. Distress! a pretty, poetical Phrase! What Motive canst thou have for Distress? Has not Sir John Buck's Death assured thy Fortune? and art not thou——

Luc.

Luc. By that very Means, a helpless, unprotected Orphan.

Crab. Pho', pr'ythee Wench, none of thy romantic Cant to me. What, I know the Sex: The Objects of every Woman's Wish, are Property and Power. The first you have, and the second you won't be long without; for here's a Puppy riding Post to put on your Chains.

Luc. It wou'd appear Affectation not to understand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that Subject I wish'd to engage you.

Crab. Your Information was needless; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why so severe? I did flatter myself that the very warm Recommendation of your deceased Friend, wou'd have abated a little of that Rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, *Lucy*. Age and Contempt have long shut these Gates against Flattery and Diffimulation. You have no Sex for me. Without Preface, speak your Purpose.

Luc. What then, in a Word, is your Advice with regard to my marrying Sir *Charles Buck*?

Crab. And do you seriously want my Advice?

Luc. Most sincerely.

Crab. Then you are a Blockhead. Why, where cou'd you mend yourself? Is not he a Fool, a Fortune, and in Love?—Look'ee, Girl. [*Enter Servant.*] Who sent for you, Sir?

Sir?

Ser. Sir, my young Master's Post-chaise is broke down, at the Corner of the Street, by a Coal-cart. His Cloaths are all Dirt, and he swears like a Trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his Chaise to the Coach-maker's, his Coat to a Scowerer's, and him before a Justice.—Pr'ythee why dost trouble me? I suppose you wou'd not meet your Gallant.

Luc. Do you think I shou'd?

Crab. No, retire. And if this Application for my Advice, is not a Copy of your Countenance, a Mask; if you are obedient, I may set you right.

Luc. I shall, with Pleasure, follow your Directions.

Exit.

Crab. Yes, so long as they correspond with your own Inclination. Now we shall see what *Paris* has done for this Puppy. But here he comes; light as the Cork in his Heels; or the Feather in his Hat.

Enter Buck, *Lord* John, *La Loire*, *Bearnois* and *Macruthen*.

Buck. Not a Word, *mi Lor!* jernie, it is not to be supported!—atter being *rompu tout vif*, disjointed by that execrable *P'avé*, to be tumbled into a Kennel, by a filthy *Char-bonnier*; a dirty Retailer of Sea-coal, *morbleu!*

Ld. J. An Accident that might have happened any where, Sir *Charles*.

Buck. And then the hideous Hootings of that detestable *Canaille*, that murtherous Mob, with

with the barbarous-Monsieur in the Mud, huzza! Ah, *Païs sauvage, barbare, inhospitable!* ah, ah, *qu'est ce que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is Maister Crab, your Father's Executor.

Buck. Ha, ha. *Serviteur très humble, Monsieur. Eh bien!* What! is he dumb? Mac my Lor, *mort de ma Vie*, the veritable *Jack-Roast-beef* of the French Comedy. Ha, ha, how do you do, *Monsieur-Jack-Roast-beef*, ha, ha?

Crab. Prythee take a Turn or two about the Room.

Buck. A Turn or two! *Volontiers. Eh bien!* Well, have you, in your Life, seen any Thing so, ha ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many Spectators of your Tumble.

Buck. *Pourquoi?* Why so?

Crab. Because I wou'd not have the public Curiosity forestalled. I can't but think, in a Country so fond of strange Sights if you were kept up a little, you wou'd bring a great deal of Money.

Buck. I don't know, my Dear, what my Person wou'd produce in this Country, but the Counterpart of your very grotesque Figure has been extremely beneficial to the Comedians from whence I came. *N'est-ce pas vrai, mi Lor?* Ha, ha.

Ed. J. The Resemblance does not strike me. Perhaps, I may seem singular; but the particular Customs of particular Countries, I own, never appeared to me, as proper Objects of Ridicule.

Buck.

Buck. Why so?

Ld. J. Because, in this Case, it is impossible to have a Rule for your Judgment. The Forms and Customs which Climate, Constitution and Government have given to one Kingdom, can never be transplanted with Advantage to another, founded on different Principles. And thus, though the Habits and Manners of different Countries may be directly opposite, yet, in my humble Conception, they may be strictly, because naturally, right.

Crab. Why there are some Glimmerings of Common-sense about this young Thing. Harkee, Child, by what Accident did you stumble upon this Blockhead? [*to Buck.*] I suppose the Line of your Understanding is too short to fathom the Depth of your Companion's Reasoning.

Buck. My dear [*gapes.*]

Crab. I say, you can draw no Conclusion from the above Premises.

Buck. Who I? Damn your Premises, and Conclusions too. But this I conclude, from what I have seen, my dear, that the *French* are the first People in the Universe; that, in the Arts of living, they do or ought to give Laws to the whole World, and that whosoever wou'd either eat, drink, dress, dance, fight, sing, or even sneeze, *avec Elegance*, must go to *Paris*, to learn it. This is my Creed.

Crab. And these precious Principles you are come hee to propagate.

Buck. *C'est vrai, Monsieur Crab:* and with the

the Aid of these Brother Missionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many Profelytes. And now for a Detail of their Qualities. *Bearnoiz, avances.* This is an Officer of my Household, unknown to this Country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the Puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiss Porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a fierce Figure, to guard the Gate of an Hôtel.

Crab. What do you suppose that we have no Porters?

Buck. Yes, you have Dunces that open Doors; a Drudgery that this Fellow does by Deputy. But for Intrepidity in denying a disagreeable Visitor; for Politeness in introducing a Mistress, Acuteness in discerning, and Constancy in excluding a Dun, a greater Genius never came from the Cantons.

Crab. Astonishing Qualities!

Buck. *Retirez, Bearnois.* But here's a *Bi-jou*, here's a Jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire.* *Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?*

La L. *Très bien.*

Buck. Very well. Civil Creature! This, *Monsieur Crab*, is my Cook *La Loire*, and for *Hors d'Oeuvres, Entre Rotis, Ragoûts, Entremets*, and the Disposition of a Desert, *Paris* never saw his Parallel.

Crab. His Wages, I suppose, are proportioned to his Merit.

Buck.

Buck. A Bagatelle, a Trifle. Abroad but a bare Two Hundred. Upon his cheerful Compliance, in coming hither into Exile with me, I have, indeed, doubled his Stipend.

Crab. You could do no less.

Buck. And now, Sir, to compleat my Equipage, *regardez Monsieur La Jonquil*, my first *Valet de Chambre*, excellent in every Thing: but *pour l'Accommodage*, for decorating the Head, inimitable. In one Word, *La Jonquil* shall, for fifty to five, knot, twist, tye, frieze, cut, curl, or comb with any *Garçon Perruquier*, from the Land's End, to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite Fund of public Spirit must you have, to drain your Purse, mortify your Inclination, and expose your Person, for the meer Improvement of your Countrymen?

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at present, I had another Reason for Returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why, I find there is a Likelihood of some little Fracas, between us. But, upon my soul, we must be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable Creatures, for a Trifle.

Crab. They have your Affections then.

Buck. *De tout mon cœur.* From the infinite Civility shewn to us, in *France*, and their friendly Professions in Favour of our Country, they can never intend us an Injury.

Crab.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their Humour to a Hair. But I can have no longer Patience with the Puppy. Civility and Friendship, you Booby! Yes, their Civility, at *Paris*, has not left you a Guinea in your Pocket, nor wou'd their Friendship to your Nation leave it a Foot of Land in the Universe.

Buck. Lord *John*, this is a strange old Fellow. Take my Word for it, my Dear, you mistake this Thing egregiously. But all you *English* are constitutionally fullen.—November-Fogs, with Salt boil'd Beef, are most cursed Recipes for Good-humour, or a quick Apprehension. *Paris* is the Place. 'Tis there Men laugh, love and live! *Vive l'Amour! Sans Amour, & sans ses Desirs, un Cœur est bien moins heureux qu'il ne pense.*

Crab. Now wou'd not any Soul suppose that this yelping Hound had a real Relish for the Country he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural Supposition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and Affectation all.

Buck. And you really think *Paris* a Kind of Purgatory, ha, my Dear?

Crab. To thee the most solitary Spot upon Earth, my Dear.—Familiar Puppy!

Buck. Whimsical enough. But come, *pour passer le Temps*, let us, old *Diogenes*, enter into a little Debate. Mi Lor, and you, *Macruthen*, determine the Dispute between that Source of Delights, *ce Paradis de Plaisir*, and this Cave of Care, this Seat of Scurvy and the Spleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Maister *Crab* has met with his Match.

Buck. And first for the great Pleasure of Life, the Pleasure of the Table; Ah, *quelle Difference!* The Ease, the Wit, the Wine, the *Badinage*, the *Percisslage*, the *double Entendre*, the *Chansons à boire*, Oh, what delicious Moments have I pass'd *chez Madame la Duchesse de Barbouliac*.

Crab. Your Mistress, I suppose.

Buck. Who, I! *Fi donc!* How is it possible for a Woman of her Rank, to have a *Penchant* for me? Hey, *Mac!*

Mac. Sir *Charles* is too much a Man of Honour to blab. But, to say Truth, the whole City of *Paris* thought as much.

Crab. A precious Fellow this!

Buck. *Taisez vous, Mac.* But we lose the Point in View. Now, *Monsieur Crab*, let me conduct you to what you call an Entertainment. And first, the melancholy Mistress is fixed in her Chair, where, by the bye, she is condemn'd to do more Drudgery than a Dray-horse. Next proceeds the Master, to marshal the Guests, in which as much Caution is necessary, as at a Coronation, with, "My Lady, sit here," and, "Sir *Thomas*, sit there," till the Length of the Ceremony, with the Length of the Grace, have destroy'd all Apprehensions of the Meat's burning your Mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' say Sir *Charles* was a Phænomenon?

Crab. Peace, Puppy.

Buck.

Buck. Then, in solemn Silence, they proceed to demolish the Substantials, with, perhaps, an occasional Interruption, of, "Here's to you, Friends, "Hob or Nob," "Your Love and mine." Pork succeeds to Beef, Pies to Puddings: The Cloth is remov'd: Madam, drench'd with a Bumper, drops a Curtesy, and departs; leaving the jovial Host, with his sprightly Companions, to Tobacco, Port, and Politics. *Voilà un Repas à la Mode d'Angleterre, Monsieur Crab.*

Crab. It is a thousand Pities that your Father is not a living Witness of these prodigious Improvements.

Buck. *C'est vrai.* But *à propos*, he is dead, as you say, and you are——

Crab. Against my Inclination, his Executor.

Buck. *Peut être*; well, and——

Crab. Oh, my Trust will soon determine. One Article, indeed, I am strictly enjoind to see perform'd; your Marriage with your old Acquaintance *Lucinda*.

Buck. *Ha, ha, la petite Lucinde!* & comment——

Crab. Pry'thee, Peace, and hear me. She is bequeath'd conditionally, that if you refuse to marry her, twenty thousand Pounds; and if she rejects you, which I suppose she will have the Wisdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, *Mac!* But cou'd not we have an *Entrevüe*?

Crab. Who's there? Let *Lucinda* know we expect her.

Mac. Had na'ye better, Sir *Charles*, equip yourself in a more suitable Garb, upon a first Visit to your Mistress?

Crab. Oh, such a Figure and Address can derive no Advantage from Dress.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, *Mac's* Hint may not be so *mal à propos*, *Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi Lor, shall I treipass upon your Patience? My Toilette is but a Work of ten Minutes. *Mac*, dispose of my Domestics *à leur aise*, and then attend me with my Portfeuille, and read, while I dress, those Remarks I made in my last Voyage from *Fontainebleau* to *Compeigne*. *Serviteur Messieurs.*

Car le bon Vin

Du Matin

Sortant du Tonneau.

Vaut bien mieux que

Le Latin

De toute la Sorbonne.

Exit.

Crab. This is the most consummate Coxcomb! I told the Fool of a Father, what a Puppy *Paris* would produce him; but travel is the Word, and the Consequence, an Importation of every foreign Folly: And thus the plain Persons and Principles of old *England*, are so confounded and jumbld with the excrementitious Growth of every Climate, that we have lost all our ancient Characteristic, and are become a Bundle of Contradictions; a Piece of Patch-work; a mere Harlequin's Coat.

Ld. f.

Ld. J. Do you suppose then, Sir, that no Good may be obtain'd——

Crab. Why, pry'thee, what have you gain'd?

Ld. J. I shou'd be sorry my Acquisitions were to determine the Debate. But do you think, Sir, the Shaking-off some native Qualities, and the being made more sensible, from Comparison of certain national and constitutional Advantages, Objects unworthy the Attention?

Crab. You shew the favourable Side, young Man; But how frequently are substituted for national Prepossessions, always harmless, and often happy, guilty and unnatural Prejudices!—Unnatural!—For the Wretch who is weak and wicked enough to despise his Country, sins against the most laudable Law of Nature; he is a Traitor to the Community, where Providence has placed him; and shou'd be deny'd those social Benefits he has render'd himself unworthy to partake. But sententious Lectures are ill calculated for your Time of Life.

Ld. J. I differ from you here, Mr. *Crab.* Principles that call for perpetual Practice, cannot be too soon receiv'd. I sincerely thank you, Sir, for this Communication, and shou'd be happy to have always near me so moral a Monitor.

Crab. You are indebted to *France* for her Flattery. But I leave you with a Lady, where it will be better employ'd.

Enter

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young Man waits here, till your Puppy is powder'd. You may ask him after your *French Acquaintance*. I know nothing of him; but he does not seem to be altogether so great a Fool as your Fellow. *Exit.*

Luc. I'm afraid, Sir, you have had but a disagreeable *Tête à Tête*.

Ld. J. Just the contrary, Madam. By Good-sense, ting'd with Singularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a Lady, indeed, Mr. *Crab's* Manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a Jot; I am familiarized to 'em I know his Integrity, and can never be disoblig'd by his Sincerity.

Ld. J. This Declaration is a little particular, from a Lady who must have received her first Impressions in a Place remarkable for its Delicacy to the Fair Sex. But Good-sense can conquer even early Habits.

Luc. This Compliment I can lay no claim to. The former Part of my Life, procured me but very little indulgence. The Pittance of Knowledge I possess, was taught me by a very severe Mistress, Adversity. But you, Sir, are too well acquainted with Sir *Charles Buck*, not to have known my Situation.

Ld. J. I have heard your Story, Madam, before I had the Honour of seeing you. It was affecting: You'll pardon the Declaration; it now becomes interesting. However, it is impossible

possible I shou'd not congratulate you on the near Approach of the happy Catastrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the Will of another, a thousand unforeseen Accidents may interrupt.

Ld. J. Cou'd I hope, Madam, your present critical Condition wou'd acquit me of Temerity, I shou'd take the Liberty to presume, if the Suit of Sir *Charles* be rejected—

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, Youngster! what, I suppose, you are already practising one of your foreign Lessons. Perverting the Affections of a Friend's Mistress, or debauching his Wife, are meer Pécadilloes, in modern Morality. But, at present, you are my Care. That Way conducts you to your Fellow-Traveller. [*Exit Ld. J.*] I wou'd speak with you in the Library.

Exit.

Luc. I shall attend you, Sir. Never was so unhappy an Interruption. What cou'd my Lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and Duty demand my Compliance with the dying Wish of my Benefactor, my friend, my Father. But am I then to sacrifice all my future Peace? But reason not, rash Girl; Obedience is thy Province.

*Tho' hard the task, be it my Part to prove
That sometimes Duty can give laws to Love.*

ACT H.

A C T II.

Buck at his Toilet, attended by three *Valets de
Chambres* and *Macrutben*.

MAC. Notwithstanding aw his plain dealing, I doubt whether *Maister Crab* is so honest a Man.

Buck. Pr'ythee, *Mac*, name not the Monster. If I may be permitted a Quotation from one of their paltry Poets,

Who is Knight of the Shire represents 'em all.
Did ever Mortal see such *Mirroirs*, such Looking-glass as they have here too? One might as well address oneself, for Information, to a Bucket of Water. *La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge, assez. He bien, Mac, miserable! Hey!*

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Aye, it will do for this Place; I really cou'd have forgiven my Father's living a Year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this. *[Enter Lord John.]*

My dear Lord, *je demande mille Pardons*, but the terrible Fracas in my Chaise had so gateed and disordered my Hair, that it required an Age to adjust it.

Ld. J. No Apology, Sir *Charles*, I have been entertain'd very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear Lord, to entertain you?

Ld. J. The very individual Lady that's soon to make you a happy Husband.

Mac.

Buck. A happy who? Husband! What two very opposite Ideas have you confounded *ensemble*? In my Conscience, I believe there's Contagion in the Clime, and my Lor is infected. But pray, my dear Lor, by what Accident have you discovered, that I was upon the Point of becoming that happy—Oh, *un Mari! Diable?*

Ld. J. The Lady's Beauty and Merit, your Inclinations, and your Father's Injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Euck. And can't you suppose that the Lady's Beauty may be possess'd, her Merit rewarded, and my Inclinations gratify'd, without an absolute Obedience to that Fatherly Injunction?

Ld. J. It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my Lor. Those Kind of Talents are not given to every Body. *Donnez moi mon Manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the Lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Young Squire *Racket*, and Sir *Toby Tallyhoe*, who call themselves your Honour's old Acquaintances.

Buck. Oh the Brutes! By what Accident cou'd they discover my Arrival? My dear, dear Lor, aid me to escape this Embarras.

Racket and Tallyhoe without.

Hoic a Boy, Hoic a Boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the *Hottentots* have brought a whole hundred of Hounds with them. But, they say, Forms
keep

keep Fools at a Distance. I'll receive 'em *en Cérémonie*.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Tally. Hey Boy, hoix my little *Buck*.

Buck. *Monsieur le Chevalier, votre très humble Serviteur.*

Tally. Hey.

Buck. *Monsieur Racket, je suis charmé de vous voir.*

Rack. Anon what!

Buck. *Ne m'entendez-vous : Don't you know French?*

Rack. Know *French*! No, nor you neither, I think. Sir *Toby*, foregad I believe the Papistes ha bewitch'd him in foreign Parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd, and transformed him too. Let me perish, *Racket*, if I don't think he's like one of the folks we used to read of at School, in *Ovid's Metamorphis*; that they have turned him into a Beast.

Rack. A Beast! No, a Bird, you Fool. Lookee, Sir *Toby*, by the Lord *Harry*, here are his Wings.

Tally. Hey! ecod and so they are, ha, ha. I reckon, *Racket*, he came over with the Woodcocks.

Buck. *Voilà des véritables Anglois.* The rustic rude *Ruffians*!

Rack. Let us see what the Devil he has put upon his Pole, Sir *Toby*.

Tally. Aye.

Buck. Do, dear Savage, keep your Distance.

Tally.

Tally. Nay, fore George, we will have a Scrutiny.

Rack. Aye, aye, a Scrutiny.

Buck. *En Gruce, La Jonquil*, my Lor, protect me from these Pyrates.

Ld. J. A little Compassion, I beg, Gentlemen. Consider, Sir *Charles* is upon a Visit to his Bride.

Tally. Bride! Zounds, he's fitter for a Band-box; *Racket*, Hocks the Heels.

Rack. I have 'em, Knight. Foregad he is the very Reverse of a Bantam Cock: His Comb's on his Feet, and his Feathers on his Head. Who have we got here! What are these three Fellows; Pastry-Cooks?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquired Accomplishments, letting your Mistress languish for a—but you have Company, I see.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpressibly happy. These Gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my Arrival, with what I believe, they call in this Country, a Rout.—My dear Lor, if you don't favour my Flight. But see if the Toads a'n't tumbling my Toilet.

Ld. J. Now's your Time, steal off; I'll cover your Retreat.

Buck. Mac, let *La Jonquil* follow to re-settle my *Cheveux*.—*Je vous remercie mille, mille Fois, mon cher* my Lor.

Rack. Hola, Sir *Toby*, stole away!

Buck. *O mon Dieu.*

Tally

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our Purpose. You must know we intended to kick up a Riot, To-night, at the Play-house, and we wanted him of the Party; but that Fop wou'd swoon at the Sight of a Cudgel.

Ld. J. Pray, Sir, what is your Cause of Contention?

Tally. Cause of Contention, hey, Faith, I know nothing of the Matter. *Racket*, what is it we are angry about?

Racket. Angry about! Why you know we are to demolish the Dancers.

Tally. True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

Ld. J. I beg to be excused.

Rack. May hap you are a Friend to the *French*.

Ld. J. Not I, indeed Sir. But, if the Occasion will permit me a Pun, tho' I am far from being a Well-wisher to their Arms, I have no Objection to the being entertained by their Legs.

Tally. Aye! Why then if you'll come To-night, you'll split your Sides with Laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faster, than ever they have done since the Battle of *Blenheim*. Come along, *Racket.* *Exit.*

Ld. J. Was there ever such a Contrast?

Crab. Not so remote as you imagine; they are Scions from the same Stock, set in different Soils. The first Shrub, you see, flowers most
prodi-

prodigally, but matures nothing; the last Slip, tho' stunted, bears a little Fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but still the Growth of the Clime. Come, you'll follow your Friend. *Exit.*

Enter Lucinda, with a Servant.

Luc. When Mr. Crab, or Sir Charles, enquire for me; you will conduct them hither.

Exit. Serv.

How I long for an End to this important Interview! Not that I have any great Expectations from the Issue; but still, in my Circumstances, a State of Suspence is, of all Situations, the most disagreeable. But hush, they come.

Enter Sir Charles, Macruthen, Ld. John, and Crab.

Buck Mac, announce me.

Mac, Madam, Sir Charles *Buck* craves the Honour of kissing your Hand.

Buck. *Tres humble Serviteur. Et comment sa porte Mademoiselle.* I am ravish'd to see thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde.*—*Eb bien, ma Reine!* Why, you look divinely, Child. But, *mon Infant,* they have dress'd you most diabolically. Why, what a *Coiffeuse* must you have, and, *oh mon Dieu,* a total Absence of Rouge. But, perhaps, you are out. I had a Cargo from *Deffreny* the Day of my Departure; shall I have the Honour to supply you?

Luc. You are obliging, Sir, but I confess myself a Convert to the chaste Customs of this Country, and, with a commercial People, you know, Sir Charles, all Artifice——

Buck.

Buck. Artifice ! You mistake the Point, *ma Chere*. A proper Proportion of red, is an indispensable Part of your Dress ; and, in my private Opinion, a Woman might as well appear, in public, without Powder, or a Pettycoat.

Crab. And, in my private Opinion, a Woman who puts on the first, wou'd make very little Difficulty in pulling off the last.

Buck. Oh, Monsieur *Crab's* Judgment must be decisive in Dress. Well, and what Amusements, what Spectacles, what Parties, what Contrivances, to conquer Father Time, that Foe to the Fair ? I fancy one must *ennuier consideration* in your *London* here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no Distress for Diversions. We have an Opera.

Buck. *Italien*, I suppose, *pitoiable*, shocking, *assommant* ! Oh, there is no supporting their *bi, bi, bi, bi*. *Ab mon Dieu ! Ab, Chassé brillant Soleil,*

Brillant Soleil,

A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil ?

There's Music and Melody.

Luc. What a Fop !

Buck. But proceed, *ma Princesse*.

Luc. Oh, then we have Plays.

Buck. That I deny, Child.

Luc. No Plays !

Buck. No.

Luc. The Assertion is a little whimsical.

Buck. Aye, that may be ; you have here dramatic Things, farcical in their Composition, and ridiculous in their Representation.

Luc.

Luc. Sir, I own myself unequal to the Controversy; but, surely, *Shakespear*—My Lord, this Subject calls upon you for its Defence.

Crab. I know from what Fountain this Fool has drawn his Remarks; the Author of the *Chinese Orphan*, in the Preface to which Mr. *Voltaire* calls the principal Works of *Shakespear* monstrous Farces.

Ld. J. Mr. *Crab* is right, Madam. Mr. *Voltaire* has stigmatized with a very unjust and a very invidious Appellation the principal Works of that great Master of the Passions; and his apparent Motive renders him the more inexcusable.

Luc. What cou'd it be, my Lord?

Ld. J. The preventing his Countrymen from becoming acquainted with our Author; that he might be at Liberty to pilfer from him, with the greater Security.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed!

Buck. Palpable Defamation.

Luc. And as to the Exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural Pathetic, and a spirited Expression, no People upon Earth——

Buck. You are impos'd upon, Child; the *Lequesne*, the *Lanoue*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenil*, the *Gaussen*, what Dignity, what Action! But, *à propos*, I have myself wrote a Tragedy in *French*.

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. *En Verité*, upon *Voltaire's* Plan.

Crab.

Crab. That must be a precious Piece of Work.

Buck. It is now in Repetition at the French Comedy. *Grandval* and *La Gaussen* perform the principal Parts. Oh, what an *Eclat*! What a Burst will it make in the Parterre, when the King of *Ananamaboe* refuses the Person of the Princess of *Cochineal*!

Luc. Do you remember the Passage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And first the King.

*Ma chere Princesse, je vous aime, c'est vrai;
De ma Femme vous portez les charmants
 Attraits.*

*Mais ce n'est pas bonnête pour un Homme,
 tel que moi,
De tromper ma Femme, ou de rompre ma
 Foi.*

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck. Now the Princess; she is, as you may suppose, in extreme Distress.

Luc. No doubt.

Euck. *Mon grand Roy, mon Cher adorable,
Ayez pitié de moi; je suis inconsolable.*

[Then he turns his Back upon her, at which, she in a Fury,]

*Monstre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeste,
Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteste!*

[Then

[Then he,]

*Pensez vous, Madame, à me donner la Loi,
Vôtre Haine, votre Amour, sont les mêmes
Choses à moi.*

Luc. Bravo!

Ld. J. Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Aye, there's Passion and Poetry, and Reason and Rhime. Oh how I detest Blood, and blank Verse! There is something so soft, so musical, and so natural, in the rich Rhimes of the *Theatre Francois*!

Ld. J. I did not know Sir *Charles* was so totally devoted to the *Belles Lettres*.

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the Ton, the Taste, I am every Night at the *Caffè* * *Procope*, and had not I had the Misfortune to be born in this curst Country, I make no Doubt but you wou'd have seen my Name among the foremost of the *French Academy*.

Crab. I should think you might easily get over that Difficulty, if you will be but so obliging, as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your Countrymen shall contradict, or claim you.

Buck. No!—Impossible. From the Barbarity of my Education, I must ever be taken for *un Anglois*.

Crab. Never.

Buck. *En Verité?*

Crab. *En Verité.*

Buck. You flatter me.

* A Coffee-house, opposite the French Comedy, where the Wits assemble every Evening.

Crab. But common Justice.

Mac. Nay, Maister *Crab* is in the Right, for I have often heard the French themselves say, Is it possible that Gentleman can be *British*?

Buck. Obliging Creatures! And you all concur with them.

Crab. Entirely,

Luc. Entirely.

Ld. ♀. Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make me!

Crab. Egregious Puppy! But we lose Time. A Truce to this Trumpery. You have read your Father's Will!

Buck. No; I read no *English*. When *Mac* has turn'd it into *French*, I may run over the Items.

Crab. I have told you the Part that concerns the Girl. And as your Declaration upon it will discharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *Eclaircissement*. Come, my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monsieur *Crab*, my Lor, *Mac*.

Crab. Along with us.

Ex.

Buck. A comfortable Scrape I am in! What the Deuce am I to do, in the Language of the Place? I am to make Love, I suppose. A pretty Employment!

Luc. I fancy my Hero is a little puzzled with his Part. But, now for it.

Buck. A queer Creature, that *Crab*, *ma Petite*. But, *à propos*, How d'ye like my Lord?

Luc. He seems to have good Sense and good Breeding.

Buck.

Buck. *Pas trop.* But don't you think he has something of a foreign Kind of Air about him?

Luc. Foreign?

Buck. Aye, something so *English* in his Manner.

Luc. Foreign, and *English*! I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the Ease, the *Je na sçai quoi*, the *bon Ton*—In a Word, he does not resemble me now.

Luc. Not in the least.

Buck. Ah, I thought so. He is to be pity'd, poor Devil, he can't help it. But, *entre nous*, *ma Chere*, the Fellow has a Fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir *Charles*?

Buck. Why, *je pense*, *ma Reine*, that your Eyes have done Execution there.

Luc. My Eyes Execution!

Buck. Aye, Child, is there any thing so extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the Vivacity of his Praise, that he had already summon'd the Garison to surrender.

Luc. To carry on the Allusion, I believe my Lord is too good a Commander, to commence a fruitless Siege. He cou'd not but know the Condition of the Town

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma Chere*.

Luc. I was in Hopes your Interview with Mr. *Crab* had made that unnecessary.

Buck. Oh, aye, I do recollect something of a ridiculous Article about Marriage, in a Will.

But what a Plot against the Peace of two poor People! Well, the Malice of some Men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the Mischief they can in their Life, they are for intailing their Malevolence, like their Estates, to latest Posterity.

Luc. Your Contempt of me, Sir Charles, I receive as a Compliment. But the infinite Obligations I owe to the Man, who had the Misfortune to call you Son, compel me to insist, that in my Presence, at least, no Indignity be offered to his Memory.

Buck. Hey dey! What, in heroics, *ma Reine!*

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial Wretch! so soon to trample on his Ashes, whose fond Heart, the greatest Load of his last Hour were his Fears for thy future Welfare.

Buck. *Ma foi, elle est Folle*, she is mad, *sans doute*.

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one sacred Relation, regard another? Can the Monster who is corrupt enough to condemn the Place of his Birth, reverence those who gave him Being?—Impossible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty Monologue, a fine Soliloquy this, Child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we shall understand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do understand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuse me. Nothing is wanting but a formal Rejection

jection under your Hand, and so concludes our Acquaintance.

Buck. *Vous allez trop vite*, you are too quick *ma chere*. If I recollect, the Consequence of this Rejection is my paying you twenty thousand Pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the least Inclination to do.

Luc. No, Sir? Why you own that Marriage——

Buck. Is my aversion. I'll give you that under my Hand, if you please; but I have a prodigious Love for the *Louis*.

Luc. Oh, we'll soon settle that Dispute; the Law——

Buck. But, hold, *ma Reine*. I don't find that my provident Father has precisely determined the Time of this comfortable Conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the Day of Execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I say, my Soul, there goes no more to your dying a Maid, than my living a Batchelor.

Luc. O, Sir, I shall find a Remedy.

Buck. But now suppose, *ma Belle*, I have found one to your Hand?

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And first, *mon Enfant*; tho' I have an irresistible Antipathy to the conjugal Knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal Charms; in the Possession of which, if you please to place me,
not

not only the aforefaid twenty thousand Pounds, but the whole *Terre* of your devoted ſhall fall at your——

Luc. Grant me Patience.

Buck. Indeed you want it, my Dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, Sir, your other. For this is——

Buck. I grant, not quite ſo fashionable as my other. It is then, in a Word, that you would let this lubberly Lord make you a Lady, and appoint me his Aſſiſtant, his private Friend, his *Ciſſiſbei*. And as we are to be joint Partakers of your Perſon, let us be equal Sharers in your Fortune, *ma Belle*.

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary Thing. Thy Miſtreſs! Gracious Heaven! Universal Empire ſhould not bribe me to be thy Bride. And what Apology, what Excuse cou'd a Woman of the leaſt Senſe or Spirit make, for ſo unnatural a Connection!

Buck. *Fort-bien!*

Luc. Where are thy Attractionſ? Can'ſt thou be weak enough to ſuppoſe thy frippery Dreſs, thy Affectation, thy Grimace, cou'd influence beyond the Borders of a Brothel?

Buck. *Très bien!*

Luc. And what are thy Improvements? Thy Air is a Copy from thy Barber: For thy Dreſs, thou art indebted to thy Taylor. Thou haſt loſt thy native Language, and brought home none in Exchange for it.

Buck. *Extrêmement bien!*

Luc

Luc. Had not thy Vanity so soon exposed thy Villainy, I might, in reverence to that Name, to which thou art a Disgrace, have taken a wretched Chance with thee for Life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific Partner I shou'd have had. Why, look'ee Child, you have been, to be sure, very eloquent, and upon the whole, not unenterprising: Tho' by the bye, you have forgot, in your Catalogue, one of my foreign Acquisitions; *c'est-à-dire*, that I can, with a most intrepid *Sang froid*, without a single Emotion, support all this Storm of female Fury. But, *adieu, ma Belle*. And when a cool Hour of Reflection has made you sensible of the Propriety of my Proposals, I shall expect the Honour of a Card.

Luc. Be gone for ever.

Buck. *Pour jamais!* Foregad, she would make an admirable Actrice. If I once get her to *Paris*, she shall play a Part in my Piece.

Exit.

Luc. I am ashamed, this Thing has had the Power to move me thus. Who waits there? De e Mr. Crab——

Enter Lord John and Crab.

Ld. J. We have been unwillingly, Madam, silent Witnesses to this shameful Scene. I blush that a Creature, who wears the outward Mark of Humanity, shou'd be in his Morals so much below——

Crab. Pr'thee why didst thou not call thy Maids, and toss the Booby in a Blanket?

D 4

Ld. J.

Ld. J. If I might be permitted, Madam, to conclude what I intended saying, when interrupted by Mr. Crab——

Luc. My Lord, don't think me guilty of Affectation. I believe, I guess at your generous Design; but my Temper is really so ruffled, besides I am meditating a Piece of female Revenge on this Coxcomb.

Ld. J, Dear Madam, can I assist?

Luc. Only by desiring my Maid to bring hither the Tea.—My Lord, I am confounded at the Liberty, but——

Ld. J. No Apology. You honour me, Madam. *Exit.*

Crab. And pry'thee, Wench, what is thy Scheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmless one, I promise you.

Crab. Zounds, I am sorry for it. I long to see the Puppy severely punish'd, methinks.

Luc. Sir Charles, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the house. Will you desire him to step hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wish to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll send him. *Exit.*

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place these Things on the Table, a Chair on each Side: Very well. Do you keep within Call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, *Lettice,*

Exit Lettice,

Enter

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, so, I thought she wou'd come to ; but, I confess, not altogether so soon. *Eh bien, ma Belle,* see me ready to receive your Commands.

Luc. Pray be seated, Sir *Charles*. I am afraid the natural Warmth of my Temper might have hurry'd me into some Expressions not altogether so suitable.

Buck. Ah *Bagatelle*. Name it not.

Luc. *Voulez-vous du Thé, Monsieur ?*

Buck. *Volontiers*. This Tea is a pretty innocent Kind of *Beverage* ; I wonder the *French* don't take it. I have some Thoughts of giving it a Fashion next Winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme Service to the Ladies this Side the Water, you know.

Buck. True, it promotes Parties, and infuses a Kind of Spirit into Conversation, and that—

Luc. *En voulez-vous encore ?*

Buck. *Je vous rends mille Graces*.—But what has occasioned me, *ma Reine*, the Honour of your Message by Mr. *Crab* ?

Luc. The Favours I have received from your Family, Sir *Charles*, I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your House, a more decent, and ceremonious *Adieu*, than our last Interview wou'd admit of.

Buck. Is that all, *ma Chere* ? I thought your flinty Heart had, at last, relented. Well, *ma Reine, Adieu*.

Luc. Can you then leave me ?

Buck. The Fates will have it so.

Luc.

Luc. Go then, perfidious Traitor, be gone ;
I have this Consolation however, that if I cannot
legally possess you, no other Woman shall.

Buck. Hey, how, what ?

Luc. And tho' the Pleasure of living with
you is deny'd me, in our Deaths, at least, we
shall soon be united.

Buck. Soon he united in Death ? When,
Child ?

Luc. Within this Hour.

Buck. Which Way ?

Luc. The fatal Draught's already at my
Heart. I feel it here ; it runs thro' every Pore.
Pangs, Pangs, unutterable ! The Tea we drank
urg'd by Despair and Love—Oh !

Buck. Well !

Luc. I poison'd.

Buck. The Devil !

Luc. And as my generous Heart wou'd have
shar'd all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curse your Generosity !

Luc. Indulge me in the cold Comfort of a
last Embrace.

Buck. Embrace ! O confound you ! But it
may'nt be too late. *Macruthen, Jonquil*, Phy-
sicians, Apothecaries, Oil and Antidotes. Oh !
Je meurs, Je meurs. Ah, la Diablesse ! *Exit.*

Enter Lord John and Crab.

Crab. A brave Wench. I cou'd kiss thee for
this Contrivance.

Ld. J. He really deserves it all.

Crab. Deserves it ! Hang him. But the
sensible Resentment of this Girl has almost
reconciled

reconciled me to the World again. But stay, let us see—Ca'nt we make a farther use of the Puppy's Punishment? I suppose, we may very safely depend on your Contempt of him?

Luc. Most securely.

Crab. And this young Thing here, has been breathing Passions and Protestations. But I'll take care, my Girl sha'nt go a Beggar to any Man's Bed. We must have this twenty thousand Pound, *Lucy*.

Ld. J. I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be——

Crab. Psha, don't scorch me with thy Flames. Reserve your Raptures; or, if they must have Vent, retire into that Room, whilst I go plague the Puppy.

Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Phyfician, Surgeon. *Buck in a Cap and Night Gown.*

Surg. This copious Phlebotomy will abate the Inflammation, and if the six Blisters on your Head and Back rise, why there may be Hopes.

Buck. Cold Comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a Shoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Aye, they are aw Symptoms of a strong Poison.

Buck, Oh, I am on the Rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the Vitals, a Fig for aw Antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab. Where is this miserable Devil? What's he alive still?

Mac. In gude Troth, and that's aw. *Buck.*

Buck. Oh !

Crab. So, you have made a pretty piece of Work on't, young Man !

Buck. O what cou'd provoke me to return from *Paris* ?

Crab. Had you never been there, this cou'd not have happened.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he ?—He's a dead Man, his Eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh !

Tally. Who poison'd him, *Racket* ?

Rack. Gad I don't know. His *French* Cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a Possibility of thy Reformation, I have yet a Secret to restore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.

Crab. Not so fast. It must be on good Conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my Estate, my—save but my Life, take all.

Crab. First then renounce thy Right to that Lady, whose just Resentment has drawn this Punishment upon thee ; and, in which she is an unhappy Partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my Soul.

Crab. To this Declaration you are Witnesses. Next, your tawdry Trappings, your foreign Foppery, your Washes, Paints, Pomades, must blaze before your Door.

Buck. What, all ?

Crab. All ; not a Rag shall be reserv'd. The Execution of this Part of your Sentence shall be assign'd to your old Friends here.

Buck.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzza, come *Racket*, let's rummage.

Crab. And, lastly, I'll have these exotic Attendants, these Instruments of your Luxury, these Pandars to your Pride, pack'd in the first Cart, and sent post to the Place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but *La Jonquil*.

Crab. Not an Instant. The Importation of these Puppies makes a Part of the Politics of your old Friends, the *French*; unable to resist you, whilst you retain your ancient Roughness, they have Recourse to these Minions, who would first, by unmanly Means, sap and soften all your native Spirit, and then deliver you an easy Prey to their Employers.

Buck. Since then it must be so, *adieu La Jonquil*.

Exeunt.

Crab. And now to the Remedy. Come forth, *Lucinda*.

Enter Lucinda and Lord John.

Buck. Hey, why did not she swallow the Poison?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you Block-head.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in Pangs?

Luc. Aye, put on. The Tea was innocent, upon my Honour, Sir *Charles*. But you allow me to be an excellent Actress.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Buck. Oh, curse your Talents!

Crab. This Fellow's public Renunciation, has put your Person and Fortune in your own Power

Power : And if you were sincere in your Declaration of being directed by me, bestow it there.

Luc. As a Proof of my Sincerity, my Lord, receive it.

Ld. J. With more Transport, than Sir Charles the News of his Safety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not, at present, in a Condition to take possession of your Post.

Buck. What ?

Luc. Oh, you recollect ; my Lord's private Friend ; his Assistant you know.

Buck. Oh, ho !

Mac. But, Sir Charles, as I find the Affair of the Poison was but a Joke, had na'ye better withdraw, and tack off your Blisters ?

Crab. No, let 'em stick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my Care. But before we close the Scene, receive, young Man, this last Advice from the old Friend of your Father : As it is your Happiness to be born a *Briton*, let it be your Boast ; know that the Blessings of Liberty are your Birth-right, which while you preserve, other Nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or condemn you. Believe, that *French* Fashions are as ill suited to the Genius, as their Politics are pernicious to the Peace of your native Land.

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